

What kind of man believes they are the Master at anything, when they cannot maintain their own troops? Howlander sits in his ivory throne and laughs down on those under him. This pitiful, old man does nothing to inspire the measly Dark Brotherhood, except by denying their every request for promotion, rewards, and even freedom. He is no Master at Arms, he is the Slave Master. And this Slave Master deserves to be placed in a zoo, where travelers throughout the liberated galaxy can oogle at him next to the rest of the bears.

Do not let your eyes fool you, his disgusting grey hair reeks of Bantha Smelling Salts and would empty an entire room in an instant. He's almost as dumb as he smells, but that would be saying way too much for his intelligence, of which he lacks greatly. He once believed that the one of the worst clans, Clan Taldryan, loved him enough to bestow their title upon him. They only did it so he would leave them alone, and yet he still flaunts it around while he remains on the Dark Council.

His job position says he is the chief administrator, but you wouldn't know it based on the complete disarray of the entire Brotherhood. He sits back in his frozen chambers and drinks beer all day while doing nothing but yelling. He constantly yells at everyone; Dark Councillors, Consuls, and even his own Praetor. The time has come for us to put him back in his rightful place, the grave, or as others may call it, The Old Folks' Home.